had a fit at seeing so many " we'els go wound." But we went to Normandy, and saw Lisieux, Mantes, Bayeux.

Long afterwards, wbea I was feeling as hard as sandpaper on the stage, I had only to recall some of the divine music I had heard hi those great churches abroad to become soft, melted, able to act. I remember in some cathedral we left little Edy sitting down below while we climbed up into the clerestory to look at some beautiful piece of architecture.

The choir were practising, and suddenly there rose a boy's voice, pure, effortless, and clear..., For years that moment stayed with me. When we came down to fetch Edy, she said:

" Ssh ! ssh ! Miss Edy has seen the angels ! "

Oh, blissful quiet days! How soon they came to an end! Already the shadow of financial trouble fell across my peace. Yet still I never thought of returning to the stage.

One day I was driving in a narrow lane, when the wheel of the pony-cart came off. I was standing there, thinking what I should do next, when a whole crowd oi horsemen in " pink " came leaping over the hedge into the lane. One of them stopped and asked if he could do anything. Then he looked hard at me and exclaimed :

" Good God ! it's Nelly! "

The man was Charles Reade.

" Where have you been all these years ? " he said.

" I have been having a very happy time," I answered.

" Well, you've had it long enough. Come back to the stage 1"

"No, never!"

" You're a fool! You ought to come back."

Suddenly I remembered the bailiff in the house a few miles away, and I said laughingly : " Well, perhaps I would think of it if some one would give me forty pounds a week !"